

THE GHOST

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W. HARRIS

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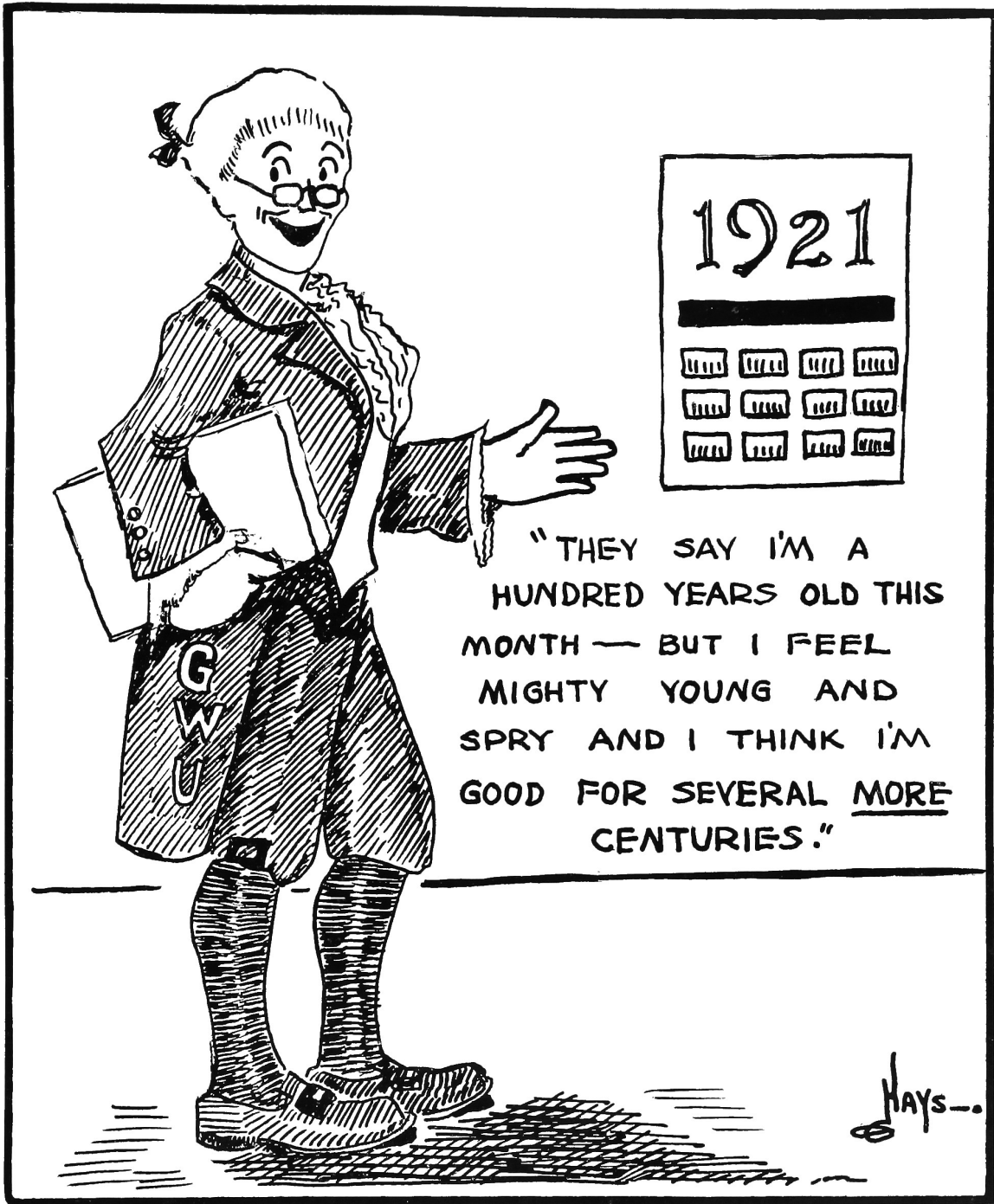
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1921

"THEY SAY I'M A
HUNDRED YEARS OLD THIS
MONTH — BUT I FEEL
MIGHTY YOUNG AND
SPRY AND I THINK I'M
GOOD FOR SEVERAL MORE
CENTURIES."

HAYS--



THE TWILIGHT HOUR

When the June air stirs the tall grasses, and from across the hills one can hear very faintly the hushed sound of vesper bells. The mist had shadowed the hollows, all the earth was drowsy with the falling of night. No hour of the day is more perfect than this. We two feel the spell and understand; or do we understand this day, this moment even. Oh, we are children yet.

THE GHOST

Vol. 1

March, 1921

No. 1

THEY ALL FALL.

A maiden passed with silken hose,
Well suited for display;
A spinster puckered up her nose,
And turned her head away.

The maiden went her way content,
The men all stopped to stare;
The spinster saw, and then she went
And bought herself a pair.

G W U

"Gonna live at the Fraternity House?"
"I should say NOT!"
"Why so?"
"Wanta wear my own clothes this year."

G W U



"What has become of that girl you were making love to in the hammock last summer?"
"We fell out."

G W U

He—Is that you, darling?
She—Yes. Who is this?

THE FAMILIAR EXERCISE.

"You look kinda fatigued. Been exercising?"
"Yeh. I went out to a Gallaudet dance and spent the evening swinging the dumb belles around."

G W U

She—What good shows have you seen this year?

He—Well, there is "The Girl in the Limousine," "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath," "Twin Beds," "Nightie-Night," and——

She—That's enough, young man! Don't say another word!

G W U

Mary had a little light,
It was well trained, no doubt,
For every time a fellow called
The little light went out.

G W U

"Has she any visible means of support?"
"Has she! Say, didja ever see her in a very short skirt?"

G W U

We know a guy here in school who has the cake-eating habit so bad that he had bell bottoms put on his pajamas.

G W U

Thomas—How do you like your new dress, my dear?

Thomasine—It doesn't quite come up to my anticipation.

Thomas—Well, they aren't wearing them quite that high this year.

G W U

She—Oh, a fly flew into my mouth! What shall I do?

He—Keep your mouth shut.

THE GHOST

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With the University on the start of a great wave of progress, the world is startled by the sudden appearance of The Ghost. We present our efforts for consideration in your humorous moments. We have tried to make this little book as funny as possible, but whether you think so or not will depend wholly upon your own dear self. We think it is funny. If you don't—we are sorry. The next issue will be the Commencement Number, and if you are not satisfied with this number, let's see you jump in and do your bit. If you can draw—let us have your efforts. If you can write—you are welcome. We want our Commencement Number to compare favorably with the best of the other college publications, and we are sure that it will.

G W U

As George Washington's GHOST returns and reviews us in paternal surveillance after one hundred years of the University's existence, it sees a school with scholastic facilities and attainments equal to the best; with an enrollment, now of over four thousand, and rapidly growing; with athletic record and prospects that are most encouraging; and with a developing student morale that is

placing George Washington University in the forefront of America's educational institutions.

G W U

In a peculiar sense George Washington is the patron and guardian of everyone connected with the University. With his example before them, all should be inspired to cooperate in every way and bring his vision into constantly more complete fulfillment.

G W U

Consider the Lilies of the Campus; they study not, neither do they recite; and yet not even the window displays may approach them for resplendency of raiment, vacaneness of countenance or persistence in multiplying and spreading themselves over all the University. Bedecked with decorations of many and varied hues and shapes, short skirts or bell-bottomed trousers, and spit curls or centrally parted hair, as the case may be, they are a type unto themselves, apart, distinct and seemingly unrelated to the remainder of those confessing G. W. U. as their font of all knowledge and learning. Even as this is read, their ranks are replenished and their numbers increased as some one procures a brown kelly or borrows her

little sister's last year's dress with which to become eligible to this most obnoxious of all school organizations.

G W U

Students, co-eds, and cash customers, lend me your ears. When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for a renowned University such as George Washington to send forth into the unsuspecting world a bundle of laughs such as this, it will be found that there are always a number of folks who, not having anything else to do at the time, will organize and put forth a work of art, of which this is an example.

It was not our intention when this was put on the market to benefit you scholastically. We do not contend that this will broaden your mind and increase your mentality. But—other universities have and have had such as this and apparently cannot get along without a joke book. Hence, it is fitting and proper that G. W. U., having taken its place with the larger universities in scholastic work, athletics, etc., should also compete in the field of humor. This is G. W. U.'s first offense, and, coming as it does, during Junior Week and the Centennial celebration, we hope you will receive our efforts with open arms.

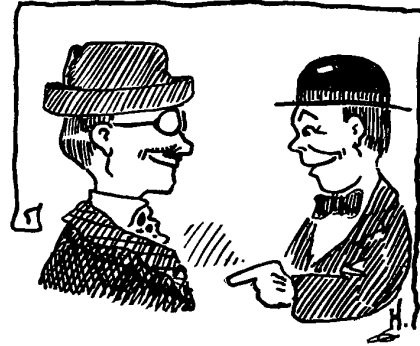
We hope we will make you laugh, and forget your worries for a while. If you don't get a laugh out of this, then LAY DOWN, for it is not becoming for dead people to walk around the streets.

G W U

Let us hang out our banner right here and try to make it understood by the listeners to our ramblings that we are back of everything constructive and are against anything of the opposite nature. We are for a bigger and better University, and will do the utmost to put the old school on the map. The old adage says that "The First Hundred Years Are the Hardest." Well, our first century

mark has been passed, and we have taken a great step in the right direction. Let's keep it up! Get behind things and do your bit. Don't wait for the other fellow to lead the way. Do it now!

G W U



Grad—The old place hasn't changed much. I see the girls are all back this year.

Stude—Yes; some of them are even wearing their beauty spots there.

G W U

THE INJUSTICE OF DRESS.

We call upon the high gods of justice and ask—Why, oh why, is the dress suit? Why are we compelled to wear that boiler plate shirt and the old collar that melts in the summer time and scratches like hell in the winter. And the nice little white vest that only serves to catch the soup we are sure to let slip. And, verily, there's many a slip 'twixt the spoon and the lip.

And say—did you ever try to put on one of those collars that had just come from the Chink's around the corner? Oh, Boy! that's when even Moses himself would forget the Ten Commandments. You get one side and the back fastened all right, and then the fun begins. The other side absolutely refuses to come closer to the collar button. First you break your fingernails and then you start saying things. And the words you use are not found in old man Webster's dictionary. Finally you hit upon the idea of using a buttonhook, and after choking yourself for five minutes you succeed in getting the thing fastened.

Ain't it a grand and glorious feeling?

Moral—Wear a Tuxedo and a regular collar.

PROGRESSIVE LINES TO AN ABSENT WIFE.

By G. E. L.

Two weeks since you departed! Alas, it seems
a year.

But I'm so glad you're resting. Why don't you
write me, dear?

It isn't quite so lonesome as when you first
withdrew

And left me with the kiddies, and all the work
to do.

I hope things won't be different,
Or I get weaned from you.

Four weeks is some vacation when counted by
the day

By him who washes dishes, and keeps the wolf
away.

At first it was quite painful; but absence I con-
strue,

In body and in spirit, develops feelings new.

It kills all the illusions.

I'm getting weaned from you!

Six weeks the kids have counted since you've
been gadding round;

But I am feeling better: each day I gain a pound.

I find that life's a habit in everything we do,

Companions are not needed; the housework's
easy, too!

So long you've now been absent,
I'm getting wise to you!

Eight weeks? It surely can't be! Great Scott,
how time has flown!

And I that charming widow a scant ten days
have known.

Ah, solitude's delightful! Its joys I never knew
Until you taught this lesson: until the coop you
flew.

Hurrah! I'm independent!

At last I'm weaned from you!

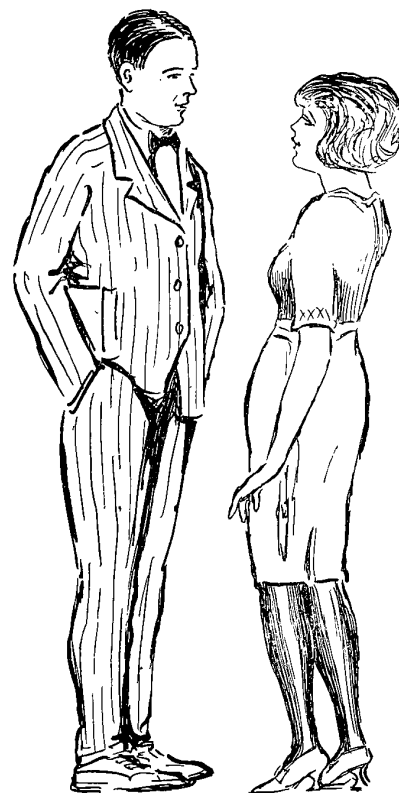
G W U

"Did you win your divorce suit?"

"Well, in a way. I got the custody of the dog."

G W U

Some women are so fond of arguments that
they won't eat anything that agrees with them.



ONE REASON WHY BOYS CUT CLASS

G W U

Oh, Boy!

"Remember, Jack, I always love like this," she
sighed as she nestled a little closer to him.

"Yes! Yes!" murmured he, absently. "So
I've heard! So I've heard."

G W U

"I hear that these bootleggers are watering
their likker."

"Is that right?"

"No, it's not right; but they do it anyway."

G W U

"I had a very cold seat at the theater last
night."

"Well! What was the matter?"

"I sat in Z row."

G W U

Pat (the hodcarrier, to the workman on top
of the building)—Don't ye come down that lad-
der, for I'm after takin' it away.

THE GHOST WALKS

Copy Written 1921

Binks closed the door softly as the first faint streaks of morning began to show in the east. He removed his shoes and carefully began the ascent to his room.

Moving cautiously, he passed the first flight and had started up the second when the big clock from the church across the way boomed out four clamorous strokes. Binks paused. The clocks all over the house began a fusillade of noise, from the grandfather's clock in the parlor to the cuckoo in the nursery above, each with an accusing, "Late, late, late, late." Binks crouched still during the rat-ta-tat, but after an assuring snore or two, went on to his room.

Inside, he switched on the light and began to undress. A furtive and tiresome yawn, a regretful examination of his pockets, a scowl at the red smear on his shirt—and Binks hit the sheets.

Binks awoke suddenly. He felt chilled, as though the very breath of the grave had swept over his bed and left him shivering. He moved uneasily, and looked up. Horrified, he tried to dive under the covers; but he was powerless. He tried to yell, but without success. There in the middle of his room stood the ghost of George Washington, swathed in a ragged excuse for a uniform and sternly forbidding.

The Ghost moved forward slowly, and pointing an accusing finger at the boy, said:

"Your name's Binks. You go to George Washington, and you've been cussing the institution and the people who do things because conditions are not better. You come with me. I'll show you what is going to be done in the next half a century, and what you can help do." And he put forward his hand and grasped Binks by the sleeve.

The next minute, the two were sailing across the city, out toward the suburbs across the river. Binks felt rather strange, as though he had no power but to follow, and all he could do was to wonder what this specimen of the grave was going to do with him.

The two passed over the nearer villages and

came to a wide expanse of meadow, stretching far in the distance on to a beautiful hill. Atop the hill was an imposing building, flying a strangely familiar buff and blue flag.

The two had now reached the ascent to the hill, and the Ghost paused. Stretching out his hand, he said: "There lies George Washington of the future. A college of fame and importance, THE college of the United States."

On they flew, and presently paused for a panorama of the scene before them. Huge and beautiful buildings dotted the wide-spreading campus. A big oval and playing field was in the center, near it a big, square structure.

Binks lost some of his fright at the beauty of the sight, and timidly bespoke an explanation. The Ghost grinned horribly and said: "Here in front of you you see what the men and women of MY institution have always worked for. A beautiful University with all that goes with it. Here you will find students from all over the world. Here you will find the most complete courses of study in any college in the world. Here—but let us see." And they flew down gently to the oval.

On the huge playing field were three football fields and two diamonds. A squad of men were practicing on each of the fields.

"How come?" said Binks, "how come there are three grids?"

"One for each class of team we have," said his companion. "We put out three teams each year. One for big colleges, one for the smaller, and one for the lil' colleges, like Georgetown. Each team has a separate coach and each a separate dorm."

"Huh," remarked Binks, "those three coaches look familiar."

"I shouldn't wonder," was the reply. "They're all sons of Ol' Bryan Morse. He taught them each how to coach, and the college grabbed 'em. They are stars, too; take after their daddy."

Binks had looked over the stands. "Who is that poor critter in the wheelchair?" he asked.

"Oh! That's Bryan now. Want to see him?"

The two moved over. Here on the runway of

the stand was an old man, swathed in blankets, resting a pair of crutches on his arm. He was gesticulating wildly.

"What'd I say? Huh? What'd I say? Get down under 'em; get down! How can you expect a back to make a decent pass with you standin' there looking cute? Get down!"

"At's all right, Bryan, 'at's all right," said the kid who was pushing his chair. "He'll learn. Give 'em time."

"This," said the Ghost, "this is Bryan, still up and at them."

"But how did he get that way?" asked Binks.

"Fighting for a gym," said the Ghost shortly, and turned away.

The Spectre turned to Binks and pointed to a huge building nearby. The building was carved fantastically with all sorts of Xs and Ys and mean hieroglyphics. A figure in front held up a thick book, while at his feet there knelt a student, with pencil poised.

"See that? That's Hodgkins Hall, the home of calculus. That next building to it is the Shakespearean study, and on farther, the little theater, called Croissant Circle after a prof who used to put on plays. Yonder on the hill is Collier Hall, the Ad Building, and to your left the Law and Med Schools. That noise comes from The Hatchet office, where they are printing the hourly edition of The Hatchet; and that queer, funny-looking place on the other side is the Cherry Tree and Ghost office. Next to them is the Library with a Mason Silencer."

"'Mason Silencer,' " said Binks, "what's that?"

"That," said the Ghost, "is an instrument invented by a fellow who used to be in charge of the Library of Old Lisner Hall. He tried so hard to keep the Pi Phis from talking that it became an obsession with him. He was thought to be sort of wandering, but after a while he came out with this invention. It's a funny thing. It 'shushes' every two minutes and raps sharp-like every five."

"Does it keep them quiet?" questioned Binks.

"No," said the Ghost, "it doesn't. It got out of order last week and they went to fix it. They found it would only say a part of Kipling."

"Yeah? What's that?"

"It takes a better man than I am, Gunga Din!"

"But come on," said the Ghost, "we've yet to see the gym. Morse Hall they call it. It's a bird of a place."

He led the way to the biggest building on the grounds, and eased in the door. There before him, Binks saw a huge gymnasium, bigger than he ever saw before. It had a big floor on the level where they stood, for basketball and a regular grid space. Above were two galleries, each, the Ghost explained, with a running track. Below, Binks heard the splash and screams of swimmers, and to his left the sharp crack of rifles.

"Oh, yes," said the Ghost, "there are two pools down stairs, and a rifle range yonder. To your right are the trophy rooms, and the rest rooms, where the frats pull smokers and the ladies' frats give tea fights. Upstairs are the two running tracks, where they sit for the indoor games."

"But," said Binks, wonderingly, "where did they get it all?"

"Simple," said the Ghost. "The Alumni pitched in and did the whole works. Bought the grounds and built the buildings, and the oval. This gym is the gift of the trustees, who were persuaded of its need. It was a grand drive. Long ago, in your time, the University had a few buildings on a street in the city. The school outgrew them and had to go somewhere else. The Alumni were besought for aid and finally came through with big donations. Oh, they could do it. They only needed time."

The two ascended the stairs and looked down on the floor below. The Ghost said nothing, and Binks watched the sun shine in on the polished floor. Suddenly the Ghost caught his arm.

"You're one of the kickers. See what you can do to help the school now. This is what it's going to look like after a while, but it needs your support now." And he gave the boy a shove, and Binks felt himself falling, falling falling.

"What under the sun are you hollering about?"

It was his father standing near. "Get up. It's time for school. What time did you get in from that Prom last night?"

Binks got up, stiffly. He turned to his father and after a moment amazed that august individual with the startling and perplexing query:

"Gee! ain't it grand?"

GEORGE SAYS—

It is the bird with the cold cash who has the warm friends.

The modern girl is fully convinced that it pays to advertise.

You may not believe it, but the girls rubber at the men about as much as the men rubber at the girls.

This world would be much nicer if we were as busy trying to conceal our ignorance as we are trying to display our knowledge.

A girl is never so disappointed as when she asks her "cut-up" male friend to behave and he behaves.

One thing about a bank account, you always are safe in believing you have less on deposit than you think you have.

Would a young man be guilty of misconduct should he paddle a young woman in his canoe?

What has become of the old-fashioned drug store which sold nothing but drugs?

Once upon a time there was a beautiful girl with pretty lace hose and the proper filling for her hose, who invariably kept both feet on the floor when she was sitting down. But you know how the fairy stories start.

Man used to take his musket and powder horn and go hunting for deer. Now the little dear takes a powder puff and goes hunting for a man.

Have you ever stopped to think how hard it would be to disguise in woman's clothes nowadays?

The winds will blow hard in March, but there are no skirts worth mentioning; so why worry?

It isn't every fellow who can offer his hand and heart to a girl and still keep his head.

Twenty years ago the worst thing a woman could do and still keep her good reputation was to wear red slippers.

The girl who gets out of a tight skirt into a kimono is making what you might call loose change.

G W U

Calves may come and cows may go, but the bull goes on forever.

G W U

"I certainly do feel nutty," lamented the pecan tree.



Even the women aren't hiding behind a woman's skirt now.

G W U

The downcast eye of youth
Comes not from modesty,
But just from a desire
To see all there is to see.

G W U

There was a young lady named Milly
Whose actions were what you'd call silly.
She went to a ball,
Dressed in nothing at all,
Pretending to represent Chile.

G W U

Died Hard—Lot's wife.



"Looks to me like it's got more than its hands off."

G W U

Under the heading "Gas Overcomes Girl While Taking Bath," the following appears in a local paper:

"Miss Cecelia M. Jones owes her life to the watchfulness of Joel Colley, elevator boy, and Rufus Baucon, janitor."

G W U

She—So you work at the bank?

He—Yes; I am the draft clerk. I open and shut the windows.

G W U

Have you ever noticed that when a movie queen is disrobing in a picture she is always very carefully screened?

G W U

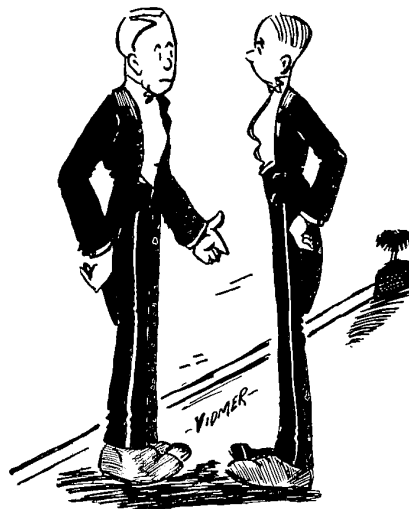
"Got anything on your hip?"

"Naw; only a birthmark."

He—That skirt is a little short, isn't it?

She—No; I am just a little long.

G W U



He—What did you pay for your dress suit?

Haw—Fifty cents an hour.



"You say you heard two shots fired. The other witness only heard one."

"Well, sah, I heard one when de bullet passed me, and den I heard de udder when I passed de bullet."

G W U

"Is she the kind of a girl you can give your name to?"

"Certainly; but not the right one."—Brunensis.

G W U

Frosh—Surveying a little?

Engineer—No; surveying a lot. —Sour Owl.

G W U

To write prose
You have to have at least a germ
Of an idea.
To write poetry
You have to have at least a little
Ability,
But to write
Thisdamstuff
All you need is
A typewriter.

G W U

Prof—What is an optimist?

Stude—A fellow that puts on the wrong cuff and then expects to get by on a calculus exam.

"Hi! Gimme a handful of waste!" I howled.
(I was under the auto to grease it).
But Jim had an armful of waist in the car
And wasn't disposed to release it.

G W U

Bounder—What are all those trunks doing over there by the stage door?

Rounder—Why, those are the chorus girls' clothes.

Bounder—Let's go to another show.

—Brown Jug.

G W U

"How those old songs do haunt me."

"They should. You've often murdered them."

—Orange Peel.

G W U

Lip—Do you know anything about flirting?

Stick—I thought I did, but she married me.—
Pelican.

G W U

"That's just like a woman," said the tourist as he looked at the statue of Venus de Milo.—
Virginia Reel.

G W U

First Stude—Watcha gonna do tonight?

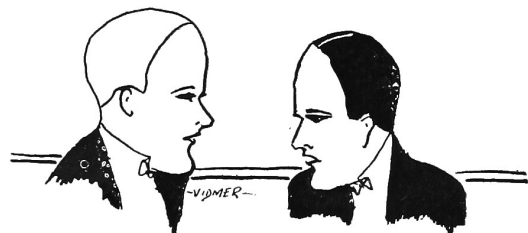
Second Stude—Nothing. What you gonna do?

First Stude—Nothing.

Second Stude—Who else will play?

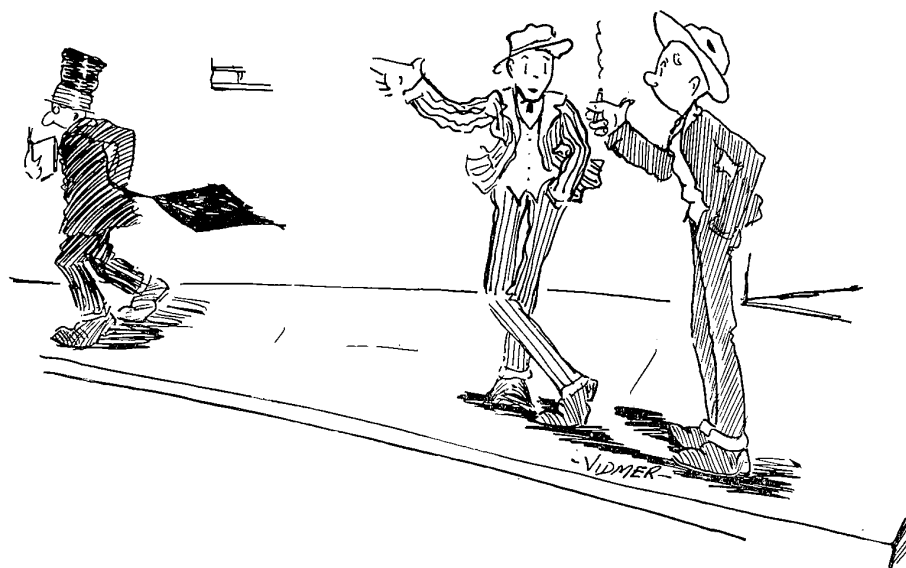
—Tar Baby.

G W U



He—She's some clever girl. Got brains enough for two.

Him—Just the girl for you. Why don't you marry her?



June—Can you always tell a college professor?
Bug—Yes; but you can't tell him very much.

G W U

Kitty—Really, I seldom cross my feet in a street car.

Katty—I hardly ever wear silk ones, either.—Sun Dial.

G W U

Senior—Have you been through Calculus?

Frosh—Yes; but it was dark and I didn't see much of the place.

G W U

She (critically)—I never could see much in those crepe de chine dresses.

He (also a critic)—Probably you never looked at them in the right light.—Banter.

G W U

Here's to the glass we love to sip,
It dries many a pensive tear;
It's not so sweet as a woman's lip,
But a damn sight more sincere.

G W U

Miss Take—What an idiot Jack is.

Miss Took—What's he been doing? Making love to you?

Hay—He was surely a farsighted man.

Dees—How so?

Hay—He had a fire extinguisher put in his coffin.

G W U

"Say, wasn't that girl in the chorus in 'Hitchy Koo' last year?"

"I really don't know. I haven't a good memory for figures."

G W U

Bill—Why is poker like a glass of beer?

Jack—I'll bite; why is it?

Bill—You draw to fill in both cases.

G W U

He (driving)—Shall I stop the car?

She (indignantly)—Go right ahead!

He did; and a good time was had by all—Punch Bowl.

G W U

"Do Englishmen understand American slang?"

"Some do. Why?"

"My daughter is to be married in London, and the Earl has cabled me to come across."



I LOVE THE GIRLS
Who DO,



I LIKE THE GIRLS
Who DON'T,

BUT THE VERY BEST OF ALL, —
(AND I'M SURE YOU'LL THINK I'M RIGHT.)



IS THE GIRL Who SAYS
SHE WON'T,



Wini Red J. J. Doe '24

AND THEN SHE SAYS SHE MIGHT !



"Jack, I don't believe you still love me. You haven't asked me to marry you for three weeks."

"Why, Mary, I wouldn't ask anyone to marry me for three weeks."

G W U

He—Would you scream if I kissed you?

She—Well, I wouldn't want to frighten mother.

G W U

Drug Clerk—What kind of a toothbrush do you want?

Customer—Gib me a big one, boss. Dare's ten in my fambly.

G W U

He—Just one more kiss before I leave.

She—No; we haven't time. Father will be home in an hour.

Faded.

Krappe—Do you have to have a gun to shoot craps?

Shuter—Naw; but quite often the dice are loaded.

G W U

"Father, there's a big black bug on the ceiling."

Father (busy at work)—"Well, step on it and leave me alone."

G W U

"What's the matter, old top, you look sick."

"I am; I just had a serious operation."

"What! Appendicitis?"

"No, worse; I had my allowance cut off."

G W U

Judge—I must charge you for murder.

Prisoner—All right, how much do I owe you?

G W U



"How about going on a date with me tonight, Bill?"

Bill (imbibing coke): "Sorry, but I'm in training."



"Is that the gown you're going to wear to the dance tonight?"

"No, dear; so far I've decided on nothing."

G W U

Young Lady (who had just been operated on for appendicitis)—Oh, doctor! Do you think the scar will show?

Doctor—It ought not to.—The Lyre.

G W U

Did you take a bath this morning?

No. Is there one missing?

G W U

"Hey, Bill, how about that debt you owe me. Did you forget it?"

"Not yet. Give me time."—Record.

G W U

Washington cut down the cherry tree because he knew Volstead would come along and cock-tails would go out of style.

Ike—What good are ankles, anyway?

Mike—One good thing they do is to keep the calves away from the corn patch.

G W U

She (fixing mussed-up hair)—My, but I like it in the fall.

He—Hum. I like it any time.—Gargoyle.

G W U

"I feel relieved."

"Howzat?"

"I just came from the treasurer's office."

G W U

Jane—They say Joe's an awfully good-looker.

June—So I noticed as I climbed on the car this morning.

LINES ON CLOTH AND THINGS.

(As observed near 21st and G Sts.)

By G. E. L.

Powder, paint and powder,
Everywhere you go,
Seems to fall from Heaven
Like last winter's snow.

Girlies cannot dodge it,
Struggle as they may,
Dainty lips and noses
Always in the way.

Still we wish they'd shed it.
(Call on "Stupid Steve"
At The Hatchet office;
Leave it on his sleeve.)

Dainty little petties*
Almost to the knee,
Bound around the limblets
Like a handkerchee.

See them, coming, going,
Shivering in the breeze,
Limbs as cold and varied
As those on the trees.

Now that cloth is cheaper, buy a yard or more!
Run, for time is fleeting, hasten to a store!

See the peaked shoezes**
Pinching little toes,
Hear the corns a-growing
In two little rows.

See the heels so lofty,
Makes 'em awful tall,
But it's mighty funny
When they take a fall.

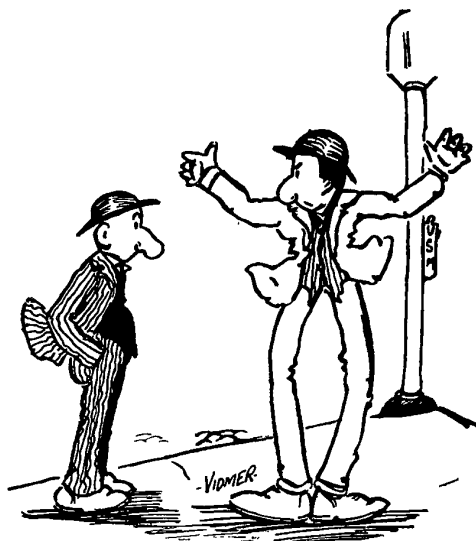
Powder, paint and high heels,
Short skirts; necks so low;
Ringlet on the forehead;
Shoes that pinch the toe.

What do all these matter
When we love them so
For the brains that's in them?
(If they have the dough).

Now that cloth is cheaper, buy some, buy some
more!

Scoot, for you are freezing; hasten to a store!

* Poetic for skirts. ** French for shoes.



Abie—Ikey, you are looking vell today.

Ikey—Yes; I'm looking for a man dot owes
me three dollars.

G W U

"Oh, I beg your pardon. I didn't mean to
step on your foot."

"That's all right. I walk on 'em myself."

G W U

"I hear Jack is thinking seriously of marriage."

"Is that so? When is it going to happen?"

"Oh, he's been married about three months
now."

G W U

Postman—Mail's very crowded today. I'm
overloaded so I can hardly walk.

Student—What's all the excitement?

Postman—The Correspondence School is hav-
ing a rally, and they're mailing a bonfire to each
student.—Pelican.

G W U

"Say, pop, what keeps people from falling off
the earth?"

"The law of gravity, son."

"How'd they stay on before the law was
passed?"

Times Have Changed.

First Motorist—How much do you get out of a gallon these days?

Second Ditto—Oh, about ten or twelve good drinks.

G W U

Judge—Have you ever seen the prisoner at the bar before?

Witness—Yes, your honor; that's where I met him.—Burr.

G W U

"I'm off that guy for good."

"Why? What's the matter?"

"He invited me to his house for an evening with the ivories, but it turned out to be a piano recital."

G W U

One—She had on a dress last night at the dance that was ripping.

Other—And you stood there and failed to warn her?

G W U

"This is the first time I ever smoked," she said, as she blew rings into the air.

G W U

I once knew a girl named Louise,
Whose dress barely covered her knees.

Her neck too was bare,
And when she felt air
She cried, "Get my muff or I'll freeze."

G W U

Brown—Have you heard Dick's new joke?

Green—Yes; it's worse than his other one, isn't it?

G W U

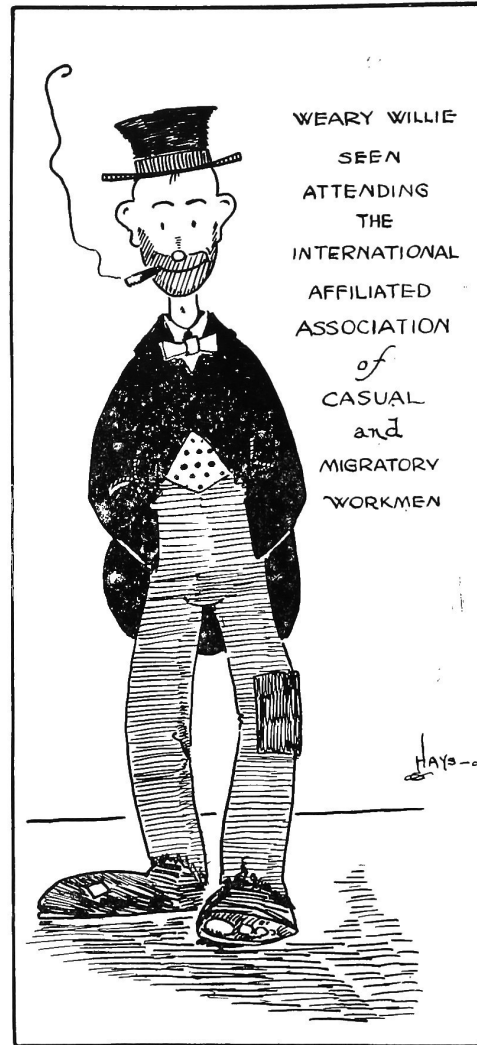
"Why do they call her "Third Rail Jane?"

"I guess it's because she can't be touched."

G W U

"Say, did you ever take chloroform?"

"Naw; what hour does it come?"

**Nuff Said.**

Daughter—Yes, mother, Albert did kiss me last night. But I sure sat on him for it.

G W U

He—You know, I could die dancing with you.

She—Well, if it wasn't for the publicity, I wish you would.

G W U

He—Say, Ruth, if you haven't anything on for tonight I would like to see you.

G W U

He—For two cents I would kiss you.

She—Can you change a nickel?



"How come you didn't go swimming when you was in Florida?"

"Too many alligators."

"But dey only touch white meat?"

"Uh, huh! But one ob dem might hab been color blind."

G W U

A local department store advertises thusly:

"Our Ladies' Hosiery attracts attention."

Yea, bo; I'll say it do.

G W U

Athlete No. 1—What are you out for?

Ditto No. 2—For the night.

G W U

"Why does he call his girl 'baby'?"

"Oh, he says she keeps him up half the night."

G W U

"This is a terrible shock," sighed the barber as he gazed at the bolshevik's hair.—Pelican.

Bashful Youth—You look cold, Miss Smart. Shall I—er—take off my coat and put in around you?

Miss Smart—You may put your coat around me, if you like; but I—er— I see no reason to take it off.

G W U

"It's hard to tell these days just what a woman will do."

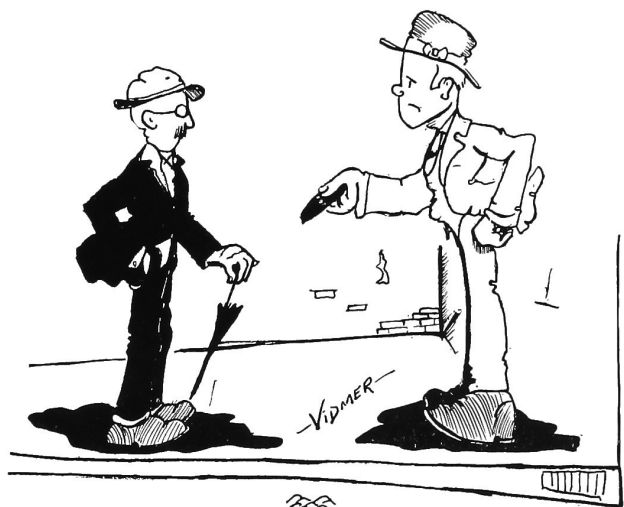
"In some cases it isn't advisable."

G W U

First Co-ed—They say Jack is a fine wrestler.

Second Co-ed—Yes; he has a wonderful hold.

G W U



Quite Different.

"Have a cigar?"

"No—don't smoke now."

"Sworn off?"

"Nope; stopped entirely."

G W U

It takes two to make a quarrel, but all one has to do is to start something.

G W U

She—I hear you were held up last night.

He—Yes; that's how I got home.—Jester.



A FELLOW WHOSE NAME BEGINS
WITH A "C" REALIZES THAT THE
PROF. IS CALLING ON THE "B's".

G W U

THE CRASH.

Place: Fifteenth St. and New York Ave.

Time: 4.30 p. m.

Cast of Characters: One man.

Property: One Ford, one pint of hooch.

Scene I. Man seen approaching Fifteenth and New York Ave. with careless gait. Steps into street, with downcast look.

Ford: "Honk, honk!"

(Man resumes march.)

CRASH! (Climax.)

Man rises and feels something trickling down right leg from hip pocket.

Man: "My Gawd! I hope it's blood."

Kurten.

G W U

"Why do you think George is a rounder?"

"Well, he is always talking in circles."

G W U

Simp—Is the light out in the hall?

Simple—Yes; shall I bring it in?

Note For Note.

Dear Jane:

I hope you
Will excuse
Me, but I
Remember
Proposing to
You last
Night, but
I do not
Remember
Whether you
Said YES or
NO. BILL.

Dear Bill:

Was glad to
get your note.
I remember
Saying YES
To someone
Last night,
But really
I do not
Remember
Whether it
Was you
Or not. JANE.

—Virginia Reel.

G W U

"How is it that Jim always has so much cash?"

"Well, you see he goes to every dance——"

"Uh-huh."

"And always parks his car on the dark side of the street."

"Yeh."

"Well, he told me that after the last dance he swept up three vanity cases, a couple of fat wallets, a wrist watch and a pint of miscellaneous jewelry from his back seat."—Widow.

G W U

"Do you think electric lamps grow on trees?"

"Sure! On the electric light plant."

G W U

"I think Bill is an expert in the art of self-defense."

"Nonsense! I made him propose in a week."



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control of low prices.